





## THE SUNDAY UNION.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1889.

ISSUED BY THE

SACRAMENTO PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Office, Third Street, between J and K.

THE DAILY RECORD-UNION,

Published six days in each week, with Double Sheet on Saturdays, and

THE SUNDAY UNION,

Published every Sunday morning, making a splendid seven-day paper.

For one year, \$2.00

For six months, \$1.00

For three months, \$0.50

For one month, \$0.15

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Centers per week. In all interior cities and towns

the paper can be had of the principal Periodicals

Dealers, Newsagents and Agents.

THE SUNDAY UNION is served by Carriers at

Twenty-Five CENTS per month.

THE WEEKLY UNION

the cheapest and most desirable Home, News

and Literary Journal published on the Pacific

Coast. The WEEKLY UNION is sent to every

subscriber to the WEEKLY UNION.

Terms for both one year, \$2.00

The WEEKLY UNION alone per year, \$1.50

The SUNDAY UNION alone per year, \$1.00

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or Express to agents, single subscribers, with

charges prepaid. All Postmasters are agents.

The Best Advertising Mediums on the Pacific

Coast.

Entered at the Postoffice at Sacramento as

second-class matter.

THE RECORD-UNION, SUNDAY UNION and

WEEKLY UNION are the only papers on the

Coast, outside of San Francisco, that receive

the full Associated Press dispatches from all

parts of the world. Outside of San Francisco,

they have no competitors either in influence or

home and general circulation throughout the

State.

Weather Forecasts for To-day.

California - Forecast till 8 o'clock Sunday

night: Rain, southerly wind; cooler in the

interior; nearly stationary temperature along the

coast.

Oregon and Washington - Rain in Western

Oregon; fair in Eastern. Washington - Fair

weather, followed by rain Sunday afternoon.

Cautionary signals are ordered at Kureka.

SAN FRANCISCO is doing well—three

murders this week, and the seven-day

period not yet over.

The Alta well and wittily does Mr.

Bellamy's new book "Looking Backward,"

after which the theorists are running

mad, as the gospel of laziness. There

never will be lack of followers for the

"prophet" who preaches that "what is

yours is mine," and that all men are so

equal that energy, ambition, skill, will,

wit and sense must be reduced to a level

of rewards with idleness, incompetency

and ignorance.

Our contemporary, the San Francisco

Chronicle, continues its assaults upon the

reformed methods of holding elections,

and is especially opposed to the Australian

system. We cannot understand why the

Chronicle considers a few hours delay in

ascertaining the result of an election as an

insuperable objection to a system that ab-

solutely assures the secrecy of the ballot,

and eliminates the possibility of stuffing

the ballot box or doctoring the returns.

Indiana, Massachusetts, Iowa, Michigan,

Connecticut and cities in Wisconsin, Ken-

tucky and other parts have the new system

and pronounce it a success. Is there no

wisdom to be drawn from the experience

of others?

The artists of San Francisco are re-

ported to be utterly discouraged by the

assaults of the "picture pirates." These

harpies buy an original work by an artist

of merit, and have copies made which they

sell as originals for a few shillings. The

result is that not only is the pocket of the

artist robbed, but his reputation as a painter

is impeded. One of the leading artists

is reported as saying that there is nothing

left for the profession but to close the

studios and abandon San Francisco. This

would be the worst possible policy to pursue.

The artists, if they bury some trifling

local jealousies, can form a protective as-

sociation that will prove effective. The law

is with them, and at small expenditure, by

joint action, they can put a detective on

the track of these fellows who sell copies

as originals, and have them punished for

obtaining money under false pretenses.

The penalty is sufficiently severe to strike

terror to the souls of the thieves. They

can also invoke the law in other forms,

and, better still, by union they can secure

the co-operation of all reputable dealers

and auctioneers, so that the pirates will

find it difficult to make headway with

the public in the face of such a compact

of interests.

The most forcible argument yet made in

favor of New York as the proper location

for the World's Fair is that advanced in

Paris by *Le Temps*. It says: "We won-

der how many Chicagoans who crossed the

ocean to visit the Exposition in the first

city of France would have taken the same

trouble if the show had been in Lyons, our

second city of importance." That is the

case in a nutshell. Lyons is distant from

Paris about 400 miles. It is thus less than

half the distance from the metropolis of

France that Chicago is from the metropolis

of the United States. Relatively, Lyons is

as important to France as is Chicago to us,

yet how many Americans think of Lyons

when France is mentioned? The Euro-

pean who may wish to become an exhibitor

at our fair will think three or four times

over the idea that he has ships goods to

our Exposition he must transport them

nearly a thousand miles inland from New

York before they reach their destination.

To the European New York is the chief

populous center of the New World. Be-

yond that the average Old World inhab-

itant knows very little indeed of our cities.

New York, therefore, as the seat of our

fair is the most desirable location, because

it will attract the greatest number of vis-

itors from abroad, and that is the prime

purpose of holding the exhibition.

St. Louis is adroit. It has small chance

of securing the location of the world's fair,

but it proposes to improve so much as it

has of opportunity. To that end it has

sent abroad a circular containing the most

envenomed device to impress the people with

the idea that St. Louis is, if not the center

of the world, at least the center of the

United States. A handsomely printed

map has been issued, upon which are

struck three circles, their respective cen-

ters being New York, Chicago and St.

Louis. The diameter of these circles is sup-

posed to represent 1,000 miles. According

to the census of 1880 the population in the

St. Louis circle was 23,838,016, and the

estimate for 1890 is that there will be

within that circle a population in excess

of thirty and a half millions. Of course

the St. Louis statistician shows that in the

other circles the population is greatly less.

The New York circle, as a matter of course,

also extends on the east 500 miles into the

Atlantic ocean and 20 miles into Canada,

while the Chicago circle sweeps up into

Canadian possessions, also, and takes in a

vast area covered by the waters of the

great lakes. But to neither of the rival

circles does the St. Louis statistician credit

any Canadian population. The cunning

of the device may be illustrated by the

statement that the St. Louis circle takes

into its embrace all the region between

Chicago and that city, and between Chi-

cago and nearly to Pittsburgh, or quite the

same territory that is embraced by the

Chicago circle. In other words, the two

Western cities overlap each other fully

two-thirds. The same map shows, by the

same reasoning, that within the St. Louis

circle there are more miles of railroad than

in either of the other areas. Of course

this sort of "proof" proves nothing. A

little town in the West can make the same

showing, and declare itself the center of the

greatest population and the most industry.

All it has to do is to make the diameter of

its circle fit the need of its ambition. But

we cannot, after all, but admire the persis-

tency, the push of the St. Louis people.

They have no earthly "chance" of securing

the fair, but for their adroit management

they are entitled to admiration.

## THE LOUIS D'OR.

(Translated from the French, for the SUNDAY

UNION, by Mrs. N. E. White.)

When Lucien de Hem saw his

hundred francs raked in by the merciless

banker of the roulette game, and when he

had arisen from the table where he had

just lost the remnants of his meager for-

tune, after staking all in one last supreme

effort to redeem his losses, he felt a sudden

dizziness and thought he was going to

fall. With bewildered limbs and faltering

limbs he staggered to the long bench

which encircled the gaming table, and for

a few minutes vaguely watched the treach-

erous game on which he had wasted the

best years of his life; noted the worn and

haggard faces of the players; listened me-

chanically to the light sound of the golden

balls rubbing on the green baize; reflected

upon his loss, his ruin, and recollected

that, after all, he was in his bureau

drawer the brace of army pistols which his

father, General Hem, when only a

Captain, had so bravely used in the attack

on Zastava. Finally, overcome by

fatigue and excitement, he fell into a

profound slumber.

When he awoke he saw by the clock

that he had slept scarcely a half-hour, but

his mouth was dry, his head ached, and he

felt an irresistible desire to breathe the

cooling air of the night. The hands of

the clock showed that it lacked but a

quarter of twelve at midnight, and while

rising and stretching his benumbed arms

Lucien suddenly remembered that it was

Christmas Eve, and, by an ironical twist

of memory, he beheld himself a little

child, putting his shoes by the fire-place

before going to bed.

At that moment old Dronski, the classic

Pole whose thread-bare cloak, with its

braided and beaded ornaments, was a most

familiar sight to the crowd which, like many

of the gamblers, approached Lucien and

mumbled a few words that were rendered

almost unintelligible by the dirty gray beard

that enveloped his mouth.

"Lend me five francs, Monsieur! It is

now two days since I have stirred from the

table, and during those two days the

seventeen has not come up. Laugh at

me, but I wish, but I wish, but I wish,

right hand that when the hour of mid-

night strikes to-night that number will

appear!"

Lucien shrugged his shoulders incred-

ulously. "He no longer has in his pocket

the amount necessary to pay this tribute,"

which the frequenters of the circle called

"the Pole's cent sou." Going into the

vest-drawer, he put on his portfolio, his

coat, and then hastened down stairs with

feverish rapidity.

During the four hours that he had passed

in the gaming-house the snow had fallen

heavily, and the streets, which, like many

of those in the center of Paris, was rather

narrow and flanked with high buildings,

was covered with a mantle of white, while

the blue peaceful slumber of the city had

been broken by the twinkling with frosty brilliancy.

The ruined gambler shivered beneath

his wrappings and began to walk rapidly

—not caring whether he was brooding

over the utter hopelessness of his posi-

tion, from which the only escape

seemed to be by aid of the brace of pistols

awaiting him in the drawer of his bureau.

But, before he had taken many steps, or

before he had reached the foot of the

staircase, he was stopped by a man who

stood suddenly before a most pitiful

spectacle.

On a stone bench placed, according to

an old tradition, in the center of the

mansion, a little girl of not more than

six or seven years, scantly clad in a ragged

black dress, was sitting in the snow. De-

spite the bitter cold, she had fallen asleep

over a small bundle of straw which she

had tucked under her chin. Her head

was bowed down, and her eyes were

closed. She was so small and so pale,

that she seemed to be a part of the

winter scene. Lucien de Hem, who had

just seen his fortune melt away, and

who had just seen his fortune melt away,

was so moved by the sight of the little

girl, that he stopped and looked at her

for some time. He saw that she was

very poor, and that she was very

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